

THE WORLD.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING  
EDITION (Including Postage).  
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

The following comparison is an exact record  
of the actual, regular, bona-fide editions of THE  
WORLD printed during the week preceding and  
the week following the last election:

	Week before election.	After election.
Sunday	267,380	265,590
Monday	262,510	265,540
Tuesday	267,000	265,500
Wednesday	268,600	267,040
Thursday	259,080	264,200
Friday	260,180	277,500
Saturday	250,000	263,070
Weekly and Semi-Weekly	107,420	107,000
Totals	1,925,990	2,170,860

We, the undersigned, the paper manufacturers who  
supply the white paper used by the New York  
WORLD, hereby certify that we have carefully  
examined the above statement of circulation, and  
sincerely swear that it corresponds with the  
amount of white paper supplied by us, used by  
THE WORLD and charged up to them (in accordance  
with our method of charging THE WORLD  
EACH DAY ONLY THE PAPER ACTUALLY USED  
AND PRINTED) during the two weeks specified.

BULELEY, DUNTON & Co.,  
BY DAVID G. GARRETT,  
YORK HAVEN PAPER CO.,  
SUSQUEHANNA PAPER CO.,  
AND W. H. PARRON, of W. H. PARRON & Co.,  
who, being known to me, did appear their signatures  
hereto and swore that the foregoing statement is true  
and correct.  
WILLIAM L. BISHOP,  
Commissioner of Deeds, City and County of New York.  
New York, Nov. 30, 1887.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Average Measurement.)  
Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for ac-  
ceptance of ad. Business or Special Notices, opposite  
editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices,  
inserted on marked "Adv.," first page, \$1.50 per  
line; fourth page, \$1.25 per line; inside page, \$1  
per line.

The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not ap-  
ply to the Evening Edition. For the rates of that issue  
apply to the Morning Edition.

FORCE THE FIGHTING.

The enormity of the offenses of the Stand-  
ard Oil Trust against the code of business  
honesty and against the laws of the land is  
patent and undeniable. The way to remedy  
the growing evil and avert the growing dan-  
ger is:

First—Enforce the Interstate Commerce law  
to the letter. Apply its severest penalties and  
restrictions in this, the crucial case. If it is  
not strong enough for its task, let it be  
strengthened.

Second—Push in concert the many long-  
pending suits against the Trust.

Third—Lay the axe to the root of the evil by  
legal proceedings to forfeit the charter of  
every corporation that has "pooled" its  
stock in this or any other trust.

Fourth—Let the Governors in their mes-  
sages recommend, and the Legislatures pass,  
stringent anti-trust legislation and provide  
for its enforcement.

It's high time to declare war again at the  
Trusts and to force the fighting.

A CHECK TO LICENSE.

The second conviction of JOHN MOOR for  
failing to observe the distinction between  
freedom of speech and the inciting of men  
to violence and crime, ought to have a  
salutary effect.

Herr Moor has perfect liberty to smoke his  
pipe in peace, but when he knocks the fire  
in his pipe into a barrel of shavings under a  
building filled with people it is a different  
matter.

This mouthing agitator admitted on the  
stand that he was in favor of overturning the  
Government and of using force to do it.  
The law has taken him by the coat-collar  
and the slack of his trousers and bundled him  
into jail. His trial was fair. His conviction  
was right. There is no place for Anarchy in  
this country.

SYMPATHY WILL OUT.

"Three things admit of no concealment,"  
says an Italian proverb—"love, smoke and  
the itch."

The sympathy of some men with rogues  
should be added to the list.

Most of the sympathizers with the New  
York hoodlums have the wit to conceal their  
feelings. Not so the editor who can no longer  
"lie with plausibility nor tell the truth  
with discretion."

The Sun breaks into congratulations to  
SHARP's counsel, interprets the decision of  
the Court of Appeals as a "virtual acquittal"  
of the veteran briber, and then repeats its  
idiotic admonition to THE WORLD to "move  
on."

IF THE WORLD had not "moved on" the  
hoodlums works the very day after the Broad-  
way steal, there would have been no trial. It  
proposes to "move on" now until the brib-  
ers and hoodlums are convicted under the  
present law, or a new law is made that will  
punish such crimes in future.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

Why should there be any Star Chamber pro-  
ceedings about the investigation of the claims  
of the Aqueduct contractors for \$3,000,000  
extra compensation?

There has been altogether too much mys-  
tery about the Aqueduct work from its incep-  
tion. It is an undertaking involving the  
expenditure of many millions of the people's  
money, and the financial, as well as the en-  
gineering, operations seem to be involved in  
Egyptian darkness.

The technical reports are not especially  
lucid, and there is plenty of hiding room for

colored gentlemen in the formal statements  
of expense.

This \$3,000,000 claim has the features of  
a big steal. Let us have no secrecy about its  
investigation.

Open the doors. Turn on the light.

HIS GUILT NOT DOUBTED.

It is a significant fact that none of the  
counsel of SHARP, nor any of his sympa-  
thizers, have said a word indicating a belief  
in his innocence of bribery.

The Court of Appeals nullifies his con-  
viction because too much proof of his guilt was  
furnished, and because the evidence was not  
sufficiently strained through the cobwebs of  
the law.

Is it strange that the "plain people" are  
learning contempt for and distrust of the  
law?

A MOMENTOUS ETIQUETTE PROBLEM.

The burning question of precedence be-  
tween the wives of Senators and the wives of  
Cabinet officers is again agitating Wash-  
ington society. Before this momentous issue  
the theatre has crusaded, the anti-decolleté  
dress movement and the bird ornament re-  
form fall into insignificance.

The problem, it is said, has been submitted  
to Secretary BAYARD for decision. It is barely  
possible that the State Department has an-  
ticipated a grapple with this great issue and  
has reserved its really expert diplomats for  
this home emergency.

If they are common-sensical, which is a  
good deal to ask of diplomats, they will  
conclude that a Senator's wife is quite as im-  
portant as a Cabinet officer's wife, and vice  
versa, and that the wife of any respectable  
non-office-holding American citizen will  
compare very favorably with either of them.

DANGER OF CHURCH FIRES.

The New York Board of Fire Underwriters  
publishes a list of twenty-one churches in  
this city and fifteen churches in Brooklyn  
which are liable to be burned down at any  
time by reason of defective heating appar-  
atus.

Here are thirty-six standing opportunities  
for a holocaust every Sunday. Notifications  
of the danger have had no effect.

Is not somebody responsible for the safety  
of the churches? The process of saving  
souls would certainly proceed quite as  
auspiciously in a structure that does not  
constantly menace the cremation of the body.  
Protect church-goers as well as theatre-  
goers.

THE AMERICAN AUTHOR'S PLEA.

The American authors undoubtedly present  
very strong arguments for an international  
copyright law, but do they not in some par-  
ticulars overstate their hardships?

Their money-making capacity has greatly  
increased of recent years. Mr. LOWELL, him-  
self avers that sixty years ago there were only  
two self-supporting American writers,  
COZZENS and LIVING. But now, he adds, the  
number who make much more than a com-  
petency is vast indeed.

This country is the biggest book mart in  
all the world. The American author can at  
least protect the sale of his own publications  
here. The question of competition with for-  
eign reprints simmers down to a question of  
ability. The really strong and popular  
American writer never lacks a market.

An international copyright law would un-  
doubtedly help American literary weaklings,  
but would it materially improve the quality  
of American literature.

A man died in this city yesterday from  
heart-disease, superinduced by cigarette-  
smoking. A lad in Hammon, N. J., lies  
at the point of death from a similar cause.  
These are two instances out of thousands of  
the baneful effects of the cigarette. The  
inventor of these detestable and dangerous  
apologies for cigars has much to answer for.

It is to be hoped that the new Brooklyn  
"La" will be distinguished by a greater re-  
gard for the public convenience than the old  
road. The latter's persistent disregard of  
the wants of its patrons, especially in the  
evening, is a rare sample of corporate arro-  
gance and stupidity.

It is said that premature publication of the  
aqueduct contractors' claims lessens the  
chances for "an amicable settlement." If  
amity costs \$3,000,000, in addition to the  
contract awards, the less we have of it the  
better.

WILLIAM SKAKEL, of Chicago, has been  
arrested for running a clock that gave the  
quotations of grain and stocks. It was  
doubtless thought that he was doing too  
much business "on tick."

Dr. LANCY NICOLL's dignified, cool patient,  
clear-headed and resolute management of the  
Most case again marked him as one of the  
ablest lawyers in this city.

Why shouldn't the hoodlums in Sing Sing  
move for a release? If SHARP is not guilty,  
certainly they are not. It is a great year for  
the hoodlums.

A grim smile goes creeping across the  
glacial countenance of JOHN SHERMAN as he  
sees FORAKER come out at the foot of the list  
in Ohio.

When J. Most is released from the Island  
this time, let him re-emigrate to some coun-  
try that he likes better than this.

The jury pronounced the beautiful lamb's  
fleece, in which MOOR's friends endeavored  
to envelop him, a decided mist.

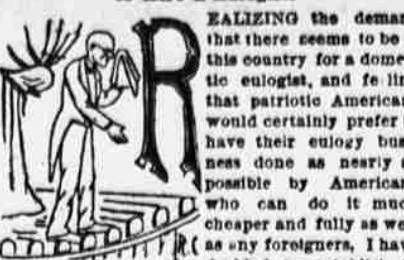
New York seconds the motion of Chicago  
that anarchy and the Anarchists be given  
leave to withdraw.

The Harvard Freshmen are not so fresh as  
they might be. They have voted not to row  
Yale.

May we have no more of MOOR.

BILL NYE FILLS A "LONG-FEELT WANT."

No Need, Now, for Americans to Go Abroad  
to Hire a Biologist.



REALIZING the demand  
that there seems to be in  
this country for a domes-  
tic biologist, and feeling  
that patriotic Americans  
would certainly prefer to  
have their enjoyments  
as possible by Americans  
who can do it much  
cheaper and fully as well  
as any foreigners, I have  
decided to establish in  
this city what may be called the House Biologist  
for its purpose of furnishing fluent and able men to  
pronounce eulogiums on eminent statesmen,  
authors and divines.

I can see now that as a people we have hereto-  
fore fooled ourselves and turned away money by  
failing to charge admissions to funerals and the  
eulogies addresses of popular men. It seems strange  
to me that with our Yankee shrewdness we should  
have ignored this method of making money and  
allowed a great English politician to teach us  
how prodigious and untrifling we have been.

The new Bureau will furnish eulogists at a fair  
price per eulogy or stand in with local committees  
on a percentage. For the eulogium on a com-  
paratively unknown man we propose to charge a  
regular fee, while in case of a well-known and  
very popular man we will work upon the sym-  
pathies of the people at a percentage.

We will be prepared after awhile also to furnish  
obituary poetry at a moment's notice, and will  
assist in casting a gloom over communities not pro-  
vided with a poet.

Special orders for eulogists who can shed scald-  
ing tears by pulling a string will be attended to.  
We shall also work in hearty accord with large  
tomatoe work-up such terms as to introduce  
a new and attractive style of monument at a living  
rate, and make the eulogy assist in paying for  
same. Our eulogists will answer calls anywhere in  
this country, or go abroad in case the eulogy will  
defeat the expense of a foreign tour. Do not give  
your eulogium work to any one till you have seen  
our terms and prices. In writing or wiring us  
state whether you want a dry or tearful eulogy.

AMERICAN ENCOMIUM BUREAU.  
BILL NYE, Manager.  
P. S.—We give as an illustration simply, a sam-  
ple of our style of epitaph. The following was  
recently furnished by our Bureau to the family of  
a deceased moonlight whiskey manufacturer in  
Tennessee:

Inspected while living,  
Permeated while dead,  
His relict's spirit  
Is still a dark red. B. N.

WORLDLINGS.

The largest plantation in the South is owned  
by ex-Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, who has 4,000 acres  
under cultivation in Coahoma County.

A frightened deer dashed through the main  
street of Salina, Pa., the other day, and although  
all the sportsmen in town turned out as soon as they  
saw it, it died escaped.

Ex-Gov. Alger is said to have made from \$5,000-  
000 to \$6,000,000 in Michigan pine lands. When he  
went to Detroit to practise law at the close of the  
war he was almost penniless.

The remains of a prehistoric reptile, a prehistoric rep-  
tile, were recently dug up near Sioux City, Ia. The  
bones show that the animal was about 30 feet  
long in life, and its teeth are an inch and a half in  
length.

Peter Gruler, of Oil City, is the champion  
hunter of Pennsylvania, and he makes a good liv-  
ing at it. He captures live rattlers, copperheads  
and blacksnakes with his naked hands and handles  
them with impunity.

A solid lump of coal containing eighty-seven cu-  
bic feet and weighing 6,300 pounds was exhibited  
at the Texas State Fair recently held at Dallas. It  
was the largest block of coal ever taken from a  
mine in the United States.

The most youthful prisoner in the penitentiary  
at Chester, Ill., is a little child who was born there  
two months ago, his parents being behind the bars  
for arson. When their sentence expires she will  
be nearly a grown woman.

Mr. S. O. Hackley, of Anderson, Ky., an old  
soldier, preserves as a relic of war time a little  
pair of quinine which a doctor gave him on the  
battlefield of Camden, N. C., twenty-four years  
ago, when the precious drug was worth \$500 an ounce.

They no longer have "readers" in Boston.  
The man who reads before an audience is now an  
"interpreter," and in this connection it may be  
said that George Hildie will soon interpret the  
"Odyssey" for the "Herald" in the original Greek to  
uneducated Chicago.

There are said to be more millionaires in Buenos  
Ayres than in any other city of its size in the world.  
Many of the private houses in the city have been  
built at a cost of over \$1,000,000, and one of the  
banks has a paid-up capital of \$57,000,000, with  
profits and a line of discounts aggregating  
\$95,000,000.

The Congressmen from the far Western States  
will make next little sums of pin money out of  
their meagre allowance, which is 30 cents a mile  
to and from Washington. The Oregon members  
will each receive \$1,340 and the Arizona Delegate  
\$1,000. Congressman Lee, of Virginia, who lives  
within eight miles of the capital, gets only \$3.20.

A lady in Milton, Pa., who was accused by a  
rascal just at dusk the other evening of having  
been in a novel way, she was turning from  
marketing and had in her basket a piece of bogom-  
pasa which she pointed at the fellow, crying out:  
"You scoundrel, if you touch me I'll shoot you!"  
Supposing it was a pistol she had, the man  
took to his heels.

In Town for a Day.  
Charles F. Parker, U. S. A., stops at the Sturte-  
vant and Co. Hotel.

Lieut. Thos. W. Wood, U. S. Marines, is at the  
Oriental.

C. A. Spalding, of theatrical fame, is at the  
Berkshire Hotel.

Mr. Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., of Newport, is a  
guest of the Everett Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rastus Corning, of Virginia,  
reached the Glenside Hotel to-day.

Secretary Endicott left the Fifth Avenue Hotel  
en route to Washington last night.

J. H. Hingray, of the Wagner Palace Car Com-  
pany, today arrived at the Windsor.

G. E. Carr, of the Baltimore Lithograph Com-  
pany, is staying at the Union Square.

Austin Latrop, of Corvallis, N. A. Pope, a promi-  
nent member of the R. I. district of the Y. M. C. A.,  
is in the city.

The name of E. L. Young, of Holbrook paper mill  
fame, can be read on the Park Avenue register.

WILL HUSTED BE NEXT SPEAKER?

A Few of His Observations on Populism and  
Current Topics.

The Bald Eagle of Westchester, some-  
times referred to as Gen. James W. Husted,  
is a rapid walker. He makes over the pave-  
ment at great speed and, keeping his eyes  
straight ahead of him, manages to zigzag his  
way through the crowds coming from the op-  
posite directions.

Time, 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Place,  
east side of Broadway, near Madison lane.  
Gen. Husted is heading for uptown. His  
dark derby hat is jammed on his head, his  
hands are in his overcoat pockets and the  
lappets of his overcoat are swung back until  
they flap against his shoulders.

"Why, how are you General?" and the next  
moment the famous statesman from  
Peekskill is waving his hands to a re-  
porter of THE WORLD.

"Glad to see you. Why, how are you?  
Where have you been keeping yourself? Say,  
have they granted a new trial to Sharp? I  
heard so, but I haven't seen after the new  
paper," and Gen. James W. took a short  
breathing spell.

When told that the Court of Appeals had  
manually reversed the decision of the  
lower court, the General continued: "I held  
at the time that if Judge Barrett's ruling  
was legal it would put an end to all legisla-  
tive investigations, and—"

"The questioner was ex-Gov. John T.  
Hoffman. 'General,' exclaimed the ex-  
Governor, 'you are looking well, but I see  
that you are in politics. You are getting too  
out of politics. You are getting too old.'"

"It agrees with me, Governor," and Gen.  
James W. winked at the reporter. As the  
ex-Governor walked away, he said to a  
times Speaker remarked: "He was a better  
Governor than he ever got credit for. His  
State papers excelled those of Gov. Tilden.  
Hoffman, the Governor, was a better man  
any other period than he was, he might  
have been President of the United States.  
Now look at him going along Broadway and  
no one seems to recognize him. Am I wrong?  
I heard so, but I haven't seen after the new  
paper. Yes, you are right. It is ex-Gov. Cornell.  
That's funny, isn't it? Two ex-Governors  
pass us by within a minute. Why didn't  
Cornell stop to see the General? I don't see  
me. Oh, yes, we speak. He is a reserved  
sort of a man, but—"

"Jimmy, how are you?" and ex-Senator  
Wagstaff slapped the General on the back.  
"Are you going to be the next Speaker  
Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir, sure. And the Peekskill  
statesman cocked up his head as he elevated  
his glance at the six feet by four inch member  
of the Titans.

"As I was going to remark," continued  
Gen. Westchester, of Husted, "ex-Gov.  
Cornell is a man of great ability."

"Jimmy, old boy, are you going to get  
there?" The speaker was ex-Assemblyman  
Edward C. Sheehy, a real estate speculator.  
"Looks that way."

"Good-day," and the General  
"So long."

"Why, how are you, Gen. Barnum?"  
General, I am glad to meet you. Excuse  
me, please, I wish to see the General. I don't  
Barnum, who was a member of the House in  
1855, held a five minutes' caucus with the  
General. When the General returned to the  
House, he said to the General: "If you were  
ever under an apple-tree when the apples  
were ripe you know that you can seize a  
limb, give a shake, and an apple is likely  
to fall. As soon as you shake you look up,  
and as the apple falls you catch it. The  
Speaker is going to fall towards me just  
like that, and I will."

"Catch it, why not, eh? Good-by. I've  
to catch the 3.30," and as he hurried towards  
John street a man was rushing after him  
shouting: "Hey, General, General!"

MISFORTUNE OF AN ACTRESS.

One of Nellie Wetherell's Feet to be Am-  
putated in the Hope of Saving Her Life.

Mrs. Nellie Wetherell, an actress who has  
held positions in the companies of A. M.  
Palmer, Shook & Collier and Edward Har-  
rigan, is now in the New York Hospital  
suffering from cancer of the foot.

Some years ago Mrs. Wetherell had a bun-  
ion on the heel which she allowed a chiropo-  
nist to remove. The wound never healed, and  
Mrs. Wetherell became lame, and last summer  
while in Chicago with Edward Harrigan's  
company, she was obliged to retire from the  
organization.

Last Sunday Mrs. Wetherell was informed  
that immediate amputation was the only  
means of saving her life. She consented to  
the operation, and the amputation will be  
made between the ankle and the knee prob-  
ably on Monday.

Mrs. Wetherell will thus be without re-  
sources. Since her difficulties began several  
actresses have been raising subscriptions for  
her, and she has received \$1,000. Mrs. Weth-  
rell is the widow of Sam Wetherell, an ad-  
vance agent.

Pleanty of Wheat, but Farmers Won't Sell—  
Reasons and Remedies No Benefit.

(Chicago Dispatch to the Day's Farmers.)  
The necessary condition of the farmer's success  
the last thirty days has caused farmers to hold back  
their reserves until something more definite is as-  
certained with regard to the condition of the grow-  
ing crop. The spring wheat on look has not mate-  
rially changed, and, until the freeze reappears, fall  
ploughing was going on actively and the move-  
ment of wheat is somewhat restricted. While  
many economists and traders are discussing the  
costs to produce a bushel of wheat and how low  
farmers are going to grow and sell wheat at gen-  
eral prices, we see the producers, as a general  
thing, in better condition than they have been for  
many years.

Low prices have had the tendency to enforce  
economy in everything which pertains to a farm.  
I do not believe it is possible to arrive at any exact  
figures with regard to the cost of a bushel of wheat,  
but it is probable that it is governed en-  
tirely by yield, circumstances and the surround-  
ings. The farmer who has a standard as to the  
cost of production of wheat, it is a good thing  
to have. After the fall is laid, the cars purchased,  
the employees hired, the railroad car charge per  
ton and the cost of the freight to the market are  
known, and the farmer can then determine in  
advance whether he will make or lose.

Mr. and Mrs. Rastus Corning, of Virginia,  
reached the Glenside Hotel to-day.

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The name of E. L. Young, of Holbrook paper mill  
fame, can be read on the Park Avenue register.

Among others at the Victoria are Mr. and Mrs.  
Burke Coker and Laetia M. J. Macdonald, of  
England.

Four United States Army officers at the Grand  
Hotel. Wm. H. Coffin, J. E. Kuhn and T. H.  
Adams and Capt. J. H. Adams.

Three prominent railroad men at the Windsor:  
H. C. Potter, of St. Louis; E. B. Phillips, of Bos-  
ton, and Commissioner E. W. Kinley, of Bos-  
ton.

Among those staying at the Murray Hill Hotel is  
the Rev. W. H. Marguerite, President of West-  
minster College, and John Porteus, one of Bos-  
ton's railroad men.

George P. Rust, son of Senator Rust, of Loui-  
siana, and George B. Rust, who was a member of  
Gov. Russell's staff, have written their names on  
the Brunswick register.

Such an affable man! I was glad we had met.  
For he made a short hour most pleasant;  
He is one in a way I shall never forget.  
On the way concerning the present.  
His eye, you said, he had the youth a tract,  
"You a young man of faith?"  
"Yes, you are," he replied, "I eat a  
third Avenue table d'hôte dinner every night."

Implicit Faith.  
From Life.  
"Sir," he said, as he handed the youth a tract,  
"You a young man of faith?"  
"Yes, you are," he replied, "I eat a  
third Avenue table d'hôte dinner every night."

Nothing to be Thankful For.  
From Judge.  
Parson—That was certainly an awful stroke  
of lightning.  
Mrs. Ransom.  
Mr. Ransom—Yes, indeed it was. It's a terrible  
thing to lose husband and children at one blow.  
I regretted that hour's brief duration. Mrs. R. mem-  
orably is certainly incurable, but I have no conso-  
lation—lightning doesn't strike twice in one place.

And Not Caring Any.  
From Push.  
Such an affable man! I was glad we had met.  
For he made a short hour most pleasant;  
He is one in a way I shall never forget.  
On the way concerning the present.  
His eye, you said, he had the youth a tract,  
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third Avenue table d'hôte dinner every night."

Implicit Faith.  
From Life.  
"Sir," he said, as he handed the youth a tract,  
"You a young man of faith?"  
"Yes, you are," he replied, "I eat a  
third Avenue table d'hôte dinner every night."

Nothing to be Thankful For.  
From Judge.  
Parson—That was certainly an awful stroke  
of lightning.  
Mrs. Ransom.  
Mr. Ransom—Yes, indeed it was. It's a terrible  
thing to lose husband and children at one blow.  
I regretted that hour's brief duration. Mrs. R. mem-  
orably is certainly incurable, but I have no conso-  
lation—lightning doesn't strike twice in one place.

And Not Caring Any.  
From Push.  
Such an affable man! I was glad we had met.  
For he made a short hour most pleasant;  
He is one in a way I shall never forget.  
On the way concerning the present.  
His eye, you said, he had the youth a tract,  
"You a young man of faith?"  
"Yes, you are," he replied, "I eat a  
third Avenue table d'hôte dinner every night."